20.

THE CHARACTER OF A FANATICK in General,

By what other Name however he may be more ſpecially diſtinguiſhed.

HE is a perſon of a more exercis'd Faith, than Underſtanding; one govern'd by Inſtinct, not Intellect; and who (like thoſe of old) never thinks he has enough of the Deity, till beſide himſelf. You may call him, if you pleaſe, a Perpetual Motion, or reſtleſs Whirligig, ever twirling from bad to worſe; or the *Ignis Fatuus* of Divinity, carried about with every wind; leaſt conſidering, whence it cometh, or whither it goeth: as even ſuch likewiſe, is every one that is born of him. It may be thought, the Prophet had ſomewhat like him in his eye, in that *Wheel within a Wheel*; for, of himſelf he never was, but ill turn'd off from another; like thoſe imperfect, doughbak'd Creatures, produc'd by the Sun, on the Banks of *Nile*; ſo that his Generation is founded in Corruption, and his Extraction of the ſame Parentage with Monſters; not created, nor intended, but produc'd: His Principles, are like the Chaos, a confuſed Lump of every thing, and nothing; or, a Gallimaufry of Negatives; nor this, nor that, nor t'other, but what he is, no man knows, no not the Angels in Heaven, nor himſelf to boot; this only excepted, that he is more party-coloured then *Joſeph's* Coat, and patcht together of more pieces, then a Taylor's Cuſhion. Nor is his Practice, much unſuitable to his Principles: he puts on Religion, as a Cloak, not a Carment, and ſo makes his Impoſtures, with Holineſs to the Lord: Thus *Abſalom* pretends a Sacrifice, when his buſineſs is Rebellion; and *Herod* a Worſhip, when his deſign is Murder: Nor with much wonder, the *Florentine* hath taught him, He that would gain by Deceit, muſt firſt acquire a Credit, by (at leaſt) a ſhew of Integrity; and he that would practice, upon the People, muſt follow the old Rule, of *Finge Deum:* ſuch influence have ſolemn looks, and *Verily Verily*, upon the Multitude, who have little other to paſs them for Men, than Speech, and Figure: Hence is it, that he puts off his Tinſel, for Standard, and the Maggots of his own Fancy, for Divine Inſpira-

tions; That he obtrudes his Enthuſiaſms, for Viſions, and juſtifies *Homer*, that even Dreams, are of God; That he takes a Holy Pride to himſelf, and ſays to the reſt of the World, *Stand off*; That he calls the common Infirmities of Mankind, Crying ſins, National ſins, bow-dy'd ſins, black and blue ſins; and his own Mormoes, meer Slips, and Failings; That he can ſee no ſin in *Jacob*, nor iniquity in his *Iſrael* of God; That he calls them, the only Holy, only Choſen, only Godly, only Precious, only Spiritually-diſcerning people; puts a diſcriminating *Shibboleth* on others; as, Formaliſts, Carnaliſts, dry Moraliſts, wither'd Fig-trees, Outſide-men, Negative-Holineſs-men, *Opus operatum*-men, Will-worſhippers, *Laodiceans*, Lukewarm Profeſſors, and what not! That he talks of nothing, but New Light, and Prophefie, Spiritual incomes, Indwellings, Emanations, Manifeſtations, Sealings, and the like Spiritual gibberiſh and canting; to which alſo, the zealous twang of the Noſe, adds no ſmall efficacy: that he runs counter to all things in Power, and treads the Antipodes to every thing commanded, though for no other reaſon perhaps, but, becauſe commanded; for it may be obſerved, that the Lords prayer was not ſo abſolutely thrown out of the Kirk, till recommended, by its own Directory: In ſhort, that he calls *ſubjection in matters of Religion*, a tying up the Spirit; and all Injunctions, even in things indifferent, a manifeſt invading the *Sanctum Sanctorum*: and now the great cry is, *Perſecution for Conſcience!* nothing in his mouth, but *deſtitute, afflicted*; and the common corollary, *but not forſaken. Alas! alas! the habitations of* Jacob *are ſwallow'd, and the places of the Aſſembly taken away*; *A bow is bent, againſt the daughter of* Judah, *and the breach of the Virgin of* Sion, *is like a great Sea*: Whereas on the other hand, let him be as in the years paſt, and that Sun once more ſhine in his Tabernacle, this ſucceſs, new models his Conſcience, and (like *Aaron's* Rod) he ſwallows up every thing that lies in his way; even Princes, muſt lay their hands on their mouths, and the Nobles, not ſpeak again to his words: The poor diſtreſſed, is become *Hogen-Mogen*; and the *Servus Servorum*, a *Dominus Dominantium*: The little Flock, claims a Kingdom *ex condigno*; and the Choſen generation, ſets up for a Royal Prieſthood: In ſhort, this little Horn, takes a mouth to himſelf, ſpeaking mighty things; and his language is, *Overturn, Overturn, Overturn.* And now, he makes his Doctrine ſuitable to his Text, and owns above-board, that Dominion is founded in Grace, not Nature; that the Goods of this World, are properly the Elects? that himſelf and his *Knipperdolins*, are the only *Iſraelites*, and all the reſt *Egyptians*; that the *New Jeruſalem* muſt be propagated, as the ſecond Temple was built, with the Sword in one hand, and the Trowel in t'other; or as the Abbot (in *Henry* the third's time) gave it in Abſolution to the Earl of *Leiceſter*, *Gladium Spiritualem ſine Gladio Materiali nihil poſſe.* What ſhall I add? He looks as terrible, as an Army with Banners, and declares, *Quis ſuſcitabit eum*, was perſonally meant of his Tribe. And yet, this man has followers! and thoſe of the honourable Women too, not a few; for (to ſay truth) his Converſation is much after the rate of that, before the Floud, *the ſons of God, among the daughters of men*; Devotion in all places, whether true, or falſe, being moſt natural to that Sex: 'twas the Devil's policy

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to our first Parents, for well he knew, to beguile *Eve*, was the ready way to hook in *Adam*: And thus, he proves a Stumbling-block to the Wives, and a Rock of offence to the Husbands. In brief, like the Dragon in the Apocalypse, his Tail draws a third part of the Stars, and casts them to the Earth; the reason is obvious, *Fortitudo ejus in Lumbis ejus & virtus in umbilico Ventris.* But to proceed; His Profession, is like his Allegiance, a meer *Fucus*, yet so laid on, one (at first sight) could not but judge it natural: His Common-place, *Polyanthea*, and Concordance, and the height of his School-Divinity, the *Assemblies Catechism*: His Prayer, a Rhapsody of holy Hickups, sanctified Barkings, illuminated Goggles, sighs, sobs, yeas, clocks, gasps, and groans, not more unintelligible, then nauseous: However (to give him his due) he prays heartily for the King, but with more distinctions, and mental reservations, then an honest man would have taken the *Covenant*: From hence as out of a third Heaven) he falls by head and shoulders into his Preachment; which, what other is it, then a wild career, over Hill and Dale, till the Afternoon Chimes stop him: ῥῆμαλα ἀῤῥήλα, ἀῤῥήλα ῥῆμαλα: Thump upon Thump, Yelp upon Yelp, Doctrine upon Doctrine, Rule upon Rule, Reason upon Reason, Text upon Text, Proof upon Proof, Direction upon Direction, Motive upon Motive, Sign upon Sign, Token upon Token, Effect upon Effect, and Uses more then innumerable. And here likewise, he cries up Obedience to Magistrates; but, with such a *Becketism* of *Salva Gloria Dei*, at the end of it, that he might have better let it alone; As also, that they ought to be defended by their Subjects, in defence nevertheless, of the true Religion, of which himself must be Judge: And for his Grace at Meat, what can I better compare it to, than a *Canterbury-rack*; half Pace, half Gallop? So his, an odd hobbling shuffle, between a Grace and a Prayer, and a Prayer and a Grace: Lastly, as to his Vertues, (for it cannot be denied, but he has somewhat of that which *Tully* calls, *Adumbrata virtutum specimina*) I wish it might be said of them, that they were other, than mask'd Hypocrisie. The Poet hit it, *Da justum sanctumq; videri; Noctem Peccatis, Et fraudibus objice Nubem*: And like an apt Scholar, he has gotteen his Lesson by heart, and can now wrap the *Philistin's* Sword in an holy Ephod. Whence else is it, That he shall crave a Blessing to the Design, be it never so ungodly; and give thanks for the success, be it never so wicked: That he will not Swear, but can dispence with the profitable sin of Lying: That he will not be drunk (*to be seen of men*) but yet can take a Brotherly Rouze in a Corner: That he walks, as he had made a Covenant with his Eyes; and yet, *Si uxor non Vult, aut non possit, Veniat ancilla*, is wholsom Doctrine with him: That he is a zealous Observer of the *Sabbath*; and yet can make less conscience of *Schism*, than a *Surplice*: That he cries, *Væ mihi si non Evangelizavero*; and yet allows no imposition of Hands, but broken Pates: That he abhors Idols, and yet can commit *Sacriledge*; which, what other is it, than to burn the Idol with a Coal from the Altar? That he exhorts (his Beloved) to Constancy under Persecution; and yet come what will, can lick himself whole, it will be hard to tell where he had been hurt: In short, That he is a perfect *Samaritan*; For, let the *Gentiles* prevail, he is of the

Race

Race of *Ishmael*, and let the *Jews* get the upper-hand, he had *Abraham* to his Father. To conclude; He is a Glow-worm, that shines best in the night of Ignorance: One, whose Faith has eaten up his Charity: One, that has torn the seamless Coat into Raggs, and tack'd them together to cover his Nakedness: One, that having forsaken the Fountain, has hewen to himself but broken Cisterns: One, that swallows all things unchew'd, and brings them up again, as raw, and undigested: One, whose Eyes are at the end of the Earth, and yet would be thought not to mistake his way: In short; One, that has an excuse for every thing he should not do; and a *salvo* against every thing he should do; and all this by Scripture; *Adeo nihil est, quod SS. Scripturæ extorqueri non possit, modo torqueatur.* In a word, he is one of whom it may be said, as *Heraclius of the Bow*, Τὸ μὲν ὄνομα, βίος· τὸ δὲ ἔργον, θάνατος: And, but that I find him so well cut out by *Horace*, I had not yet taken my hand from so everlasting an Argument.

Mala quem scabies, aut Morbus Regius
Urget, aut Fanaticus error, aut Iracunda Diana,
Vesanum tetigisse timent, fugiuntq;
Qui sapiunt, incautiq; sequuntur.

And as to the former, not without reason; for though his distemper lies not in too much Learning, yet to my unenlightned understanding, he speaks not the words, either of Soberness, or Truth; but darkneth counsel, by words without knowledge.

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